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erly described as a collection of materials for a most exciting narrative, for the truth is here stranger than any fiction."

The following extract will give some idea of the life and labors of the "cast-away," as well as a general idea of the romantic interest of the narrative:

"We have commenced in earnest the work of building a vessel to get away in. This will not prevent me from observing the Sabbath, but during the time mentioned it has been impossible to do so. Two Sundays we were out after grub; the next we were thatching the house; and last Sunday we were working at the wreck, trying to get her higher on the beach, to do which, with the means at my command, I have exhausted my ingenuity without success. We stripped the lower masts and bowsprit, and cut them away: took every ounce of ballast out, and disburthened her of all possible weight, without taking away any of her upper work, as I did not know what I might have done with her, had I succeeded in moving her. But this can only be done by lifting her bodily up. I had seventeen empty casks secured around her bows, but they had not the slightest impression on her. She is built of very heavy hard wood, principally greenheart and copy. She was built from the wreck of a Spanish man-of-war; but I am sorry to say they took care not to put any copper bolts in her; but perhaps there were none in the original wreck. But they have not been at all sparing with the iron. She has got any quantity of that about her, which will be of more service to me than any other part of her, excepting the plant, which is full of bolt-holes; but we must make it answer our purpose. The vessel I am going to build will be a cutter of about ten tons. We have got the blocks laid down, and a quantity of timbers cut. All the frame we shall have to get out of the woods, excepting the keel, which the 'Grafton's' mainmast will supply. Mr. Raynal is Vulcan; he has some little experience in blacksmithing, which will now be of the greatest service to us, as we shall have to make our own tools. He has got a forge up ready for going to work at as soon as we get some charcoal made. We have now a quantity of it in the ground, undergoing the process of burning: The schooner had a quantity of old iron in her for ballast, amongst which was found a block, which will answer the purpose of an anvil. Mr. Raynal has undertaken to make a saw out of a piece of sheet iron. When we found the old sealers' camp on Figure-of-Eight island, we found an old saw file, but the teeth were all rusted off it. This has been carefully preserved ever since, and Mr. R. ground it smooth on a grinding one, which was our principal ballast, and with an old chisel, made out of an old broken flat file, cut fresh teeth in it; but unfortunately, as he was cutting almost the last tooth, he broke it—the part which goes into the handle—and about two inches of the file went. I think he can manage to cut the teeth in the saw with it. I am afraid that augers will be the most difficult tools to make; but now that the job is fairly undertaken, I have not the slightest doubt of final success in some shape or other. Every one works cheerfully and well: I sincerely hope nothing will occur to damp either. We work from six in the morning until six in the evening.

\* \* \* *Sunday, March 12, 1865.*—It is now more than a month since I last wrote, during which time we have been busily employed in our projected work of ship-building, although I myself have been unable to do anything with my hands, because for about three weeks I had one or both of them in a sling with boils. I am now beginning to get the use of them again. We have got the keel, stem, and stern-post of the craft, and a number of timbers, ready for bolting them together; but also here we are stuck fast, and find ourselves unable to go any farther. Mr. Raynal has made a saw, chisels, gouges, and sundry other tools. His ingenuity and dexterity at the forge have indeed surpassed my expectation, but making

augers has proved a hopeless failure. Assiduously he wrought at one for three days, and it was not until there was not a shade of hope left that he gave it up; and if he had had the material to make them out of I feel confident he would have succeeded. The only steel he had was two picks and some shovel blades, which tools we took from Sydney, in hope of having some mining operations to perform at Campbell's Island. It was truly deplorable to view the faces of all as we stood around him, when he decidedly pronounced it impossible for him to make one: they all appeared, and I have no doubt felt, as if all hope was gone."

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Charles Dickens is about to give a series of thirty readings in England and Scotland.

A bust of Lord Romilly is to be placed in the Literary Search Room of the English Record Office, commemorative of his services to Literature.

"Gabriel Lambert"—the late new Melo-drama, by A. Dumas, founded on his own story, has proved a failure in Paris.

The Archæological and Antiquarian Society of Prague, has elected Sir R. Murchison a member.

Professor Agassiz has discovered in his expedition to Brazil fourteen hundred new species of fish and other animals.

The historian Bancroft denies the authenticity of a letter discovered by Carlyle and printed in his last volume of the "Life of Frederick the Great," stated to have been written by the Marquis de Montcalm immediately before the capture of Quebec in 1793, and containing a remarkable prophecy concerning the future of the American Colonies.

A portfolio, containing autograph letters addressed to the Pope by different foreign sovereigns, has been stolen from the Vatican.

A great many valuable works and manuscripts on the arts, religion, history and general literature, hitherto preserved in the convents in Spain, were dispersed at the time of the suppression of the religious communities in that country. To preserve them from destruction, the Queen has ordered that they be collected by the minister of the Interior, under the name of the "National Historical Archives," and placed under direction of a royal commissioner.

E. Ubaghs, professor of philosophy in the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, has been dismissed. He engaged, during twenty years, in a controversy with the Jesuits on the subject of tradition. All the works of M. Ubaghs have been placed in the index at Rome.

"Social Life of the Chinese, with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions; with special but no Exclusive Reference to Fuchau," is the somewhat lengthy title of a work just issued in London, for the Rev. Justus Doolittle, its author, an American missionary, who resided for the last fourteen years in Fuchau and its neighborhood. The London journals are of the opinion that Mr. Doolittle's volumes contribute very much to the elucidation of the character of the people of China, their social condition, systems of trade and agriculture, &c. The religion of the Chinese is largely expounded, and their mythology and priesthood examined and described. The reverend writer asserts that the practice of opium eating is actually "exterminating the people of China and reducing them to a state of idiocy, but still rapidly extending through the land."

M. Poupart-Davy, printer to the French Legislature, who was condemned to imprisonment for publishing M. Proudhon's last work, has been pardoned by the Emperor Napoleon.

Victor Hugo has received from his publishers the sum of eight thousand pounds for three works—the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," the "Travailleurs de la Mer," and "Torquemada," a drama not yet finished.

The 23d of April, the anniversary of Shakspeare's birthday, was to be celebrated by a banquet which, under the will of the late Mr. T. P. Cooke, is provided at the Dramatic College at Maybury, "at which the master, wardens, and members of the Council shall preside, and to which the whole of the pensioners and any supporters and patrons of the drama and well wishers of the college shall be invited." Mr. Webster was to be its president and Mr. Creswick its Vice-president. Special dinners in honor of the occasion were to be held at various social and literary clubs,

A brilliant ball took place recently at Paris, at the Ottoman Embassy, where a *bon mot* of the Princess Metternich went the round of the rooms. Being offered a cup of tea by a young secretary of the Russian legation, she smilingly inquired, while poisoning a lump of sugar over the smoking infusion, "No Prussic acid in it, I trust, Count?"

An interesting relic of Tom Killigrew, the dramatist, the facetious master of the revels to Charles the Second, whose comedies and tragedies were published, with a portrait of the author by Fairborne, in 1664, in folio volume, has been found among the late Dr. Wellesly's books, about to be sold by auction in London. It is a copy of Diodati's Italian Bible, printed at Geneva in 1641, having on the back of the engraved title several autograph memoranda relative to Killigrew's birth, marriages and children, correcting the mistakes of his biographers, particularly as to his birth and death.

Mr. Gladstone the eminent English Statesman and brilliant leader of the House of Commons, ranks, like his rival, Lord Derby, high as a poet. His rendering of the first book of the "Iliad" has received great laudation; but his most successful translation is of Manzoni's fine ode on the death of Napoleon. He has caught the spirit of the Italian poet, and transferred it to English with marvelous felicity. A single stanza of this will show its beauty:

"How often as the listless day  
In silence died away,  
He stood with lightning eye deprest,  
And arms across his breast,  
And bygone years, in rushing train,  
Smote on his soul again;  
The breezy tents he seemed to see,  
And the battering cannon's course,  
And the flashing of the infantry,  
And the torrent of the horse,  
And, obeyed as soon as heard,  
Th' ecstatic word."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Paris *Menestrel* gives the salaries of the Royal Italian Opera singers: namely, Adelina Patti \$4,000 per month; Mlle. Lucca the same; Carlotta Patti \$2,400 per month; Mario \$3,600; Naudin \$2,000; Graziana the same; Faure \$1,750; and the other salaries are between 1000 francs up to 8000 francs per month. The orchestra costs \$500 per night. The engagement for the season of artists alone are put down at \$35,000 per month.

The last concert at the Tuileries was an exceedingly brilliant one. The Empress sat with the Crown Prince of Denmark on her right, and as usual was most becomingly dressed. Her toilette consisted of a white tulle dress, embroidered with pearls. The skirt was cut with a very long train, and but little cinoline was worn underneath it. The bodice was a coat-tunic of pink *gros grain*, embroidered richly, and tastefully trimmed with pearl fringe. The ornaments were pearls and diamonds; her Majes

ty's hair was arranged precisely in the style worn during the First Empire; the *chignon* of ringlets commencing at the top of the head.

Two persons attracted much attention at this Court concert. The first was Adelina Patti, the renowned singer, whose beauty is much lauded in Paris, and the second was Mlle. Amélie Bouvet. Adelina Patti wore a pink tulle dress, worked all over with crystal beads, and a wreath of pink convolvuli, sparkling with dewdrops, in her hair. She received many flattering encomiums from the Emperor and Empress, and well she merited them, for her voice seemed to have gained in power and brilliancy since she last sang at the Tuileries.

From the London Orchestra.

### MUSICAL REPORTERS.

To the Editor of the Orchestra.

SIR: Every one conversant with the musical articles in the *Times* paper and *The Musical World* will admit that there is some truth in the points suggested by Mr. Ella, and which appeared in your last number. Without question articles have appeared in these two papers irritating from their character, and the cause of sorrow to artists distinguished in every way for genius and acquirement. That Mr. Davison and Mr. Ella occasionally differ should be no matter of surprise. Mr. Ella is interested in the success of the Musical Union; Mr. Davison in that of the Monday Popular Concerts. Mr. Ella keeps *The Musical Record*; Mr. Davison the *Musical World*. Self interest may sometimes bring them together, and at other times have a contrary effect. It is every week announced in *The Musical World* that "no benefit concert or musical performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in the *Musical World*." It is plain therefore that an advertisement is at the bottom of a concert notice in this paper; and it appears that for some years Mr. Ella submitted to the payment of this fee. Mr. Ella, however, at length rebelled, and the penalty is the loss of an original notice, and he has to bear up against an ambuscade of rifle shots from the editor under the odd *noms de plume* of Mr. Tidbury How, Mr. Zaniel Owl, Mr. Dartle Old, Mr. Montague Shoot, Mr. Drinkwater Hard, Mr. Duff Short, Mr. Dishley Peters, Mr. Lavender Pitt, Mr. Taylor Shoe, Mr. A. Long-Ears, and Drs. Yellow, Breen, Egg, Queer, Quack, Rug, and many other graduates and undergraduates all marshalled by the *baton* of the great Ap' Mutton himself.

Mr. Ella's complaint comes rather late, for he cannot have shut his eyes to Mr. Davison's hostility to the Musical Union. Long ago Mr. Davison's oracle thus spoke in no unmitigable terms of the Musical Union and its Directors:

"Our faith in modern disinterestedness is very slender. We generally find that large displays of Art-reverence end in moonshine, while the real selfish intention peeps from under them like the cloven foot of Beelzebub in the old prints. . . . We are no enemies to the natural feeling of self-love which induces every man to study his own welfare in the most zealous manner possible; and if Mr. Ella, while aiming to benefit himself, will respect the interests of others we shall never arraign his motives. But we object to extreme egotism strutting about in the garb of assumed disinterestedness. We prefer drizzle-tailed virtue with an honest face, though dirty, and an open palm which may be placed on the breast without hypocrisy."

Whatever degree of Art-reverence Mr. Ella may have displayed in regard to the concerts of the Musical Union, Mr. Davison has manifested in a tenfold degree with regard to the Monday Populars. Whether at the "end" of these agreeable reunions Mr. Davison will be seen standing in "moonshine" ten times more clear than his friend or enemy, Mr. Ella, time and the moon only can reveal.

Mr. Ella may possibly have some pecuniary interest in the success of the Musical Union; but so has Mr. Davison in the success of the Monday Populars. The latter is paid for the "Art-reverence" displayed in the programmes, and we presume his ganegryrics on Mr. Arthur Chappell for all this revelation of "Art-reverence" is the result of a pen not altogether gratuitously exercised.

It is not for me to fight the battles of Mr. Ella. He can well take care of himself, and knows how to turn the attacks of ridicule upon the writer. But Mr. Ella's allusion to the twofold character of piano-criticism displayed in the *Musical World* is deserving of serious consideration, and calls for strict and searching examination. The question is this:

Is the foreign pianist, with the musical critic, in a less advantageous position than the English pianist?

Mr. Ella endeavors to illustrate this proposition by allusion to criticisms on the performances of Mme. Schumann and Mlle. Clauss and those on Mme. Goddard-Davison.

There is, no question, a marked difference between these notices, and this difference has been pointed out by Mr. Ella in your pages.

It is possible there may be a marked difference in the playing; of this the profession is probably as well qualified to judge as Messrs. Ella and Davison. Mr. Davison's actions can only in this matter be tested by his writings, and I have looked into the pages of the *Musical World* to ascertain if possible the truth in this matter.

No critic has a right to blame an artist without cause, and such cause must be fair and reasonable. The artist's reputation is his property—oftentimes his only property—and any unjust attempt to diminish this property is a grievous breach of the law that lies under, or ought to lie under, all our actions, "Do unto others as you would men should do unto you,"

(To be Continued.)

### EXCERPTS ON ART MATTER

#### MUSIC AND FLOWERS.—SOUND AND COLOR.

During the short sojourn of the Emperor Nicholas in England in 1844—the veteran diplomatist, Count Nesselrode, by whom he was accompanied, was on one occasion my guest—I took the liberty of asking the Count the secret of his prolonged youth, when he replied "Music and flowers." This anecdote may serve, as far as it goes, to confirm an observation which has been made to the effect, that long lived diplomatists have generally cultivated a love for music. The present distinguished ambassador of Russia at the British court (who accompanied the Russian chanceller on the visit referred to) is himself a connoisseur of the art. The late Prince Metternich is another very notable example. The late Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera. Prince Paul Esterhazy, Count Rechberg, Lord Westmorland, and others might also be enumerated.

Music and flowers! Delicious sounds and

high colors. I hope I shall be pardoned the digression when I state that I know a person with whom music and colors are so intensely associated that, whenever this person listens to a singer, a color corresponding to his voice becomes visible to the eyes. The greater the volume of the voice, the more distinct is the color, and when the voice is good the high and the low notes are of the same color, whereas, if different colors appear during the performance of the singer, the voice is naturally unpleasant, or has been forced out of its natural register.

To show that my gifted friend is not content with maintaining a mere theory, I give a list of celebrated singers, with the colors which, it is asserted, correspond to their voices:

*Ginghlini*—Maroon. The color softened and well blended in its gradations. Substance, a rich velvet pile.

*Mario*—A beautiful violet, more like satin than velvet.

*Tamberlik*—A carmine; but unequal. On some notes, the color very strong, and on some notes scarcely any color. The voice like a cannon to be fired; a flash succeeded by haziness, but the flash very brilliant whilst it lasts.

*Sims Reeves*—A golden brown, something like a shot silk.

*Beletti*—Somewhat of crimson lake, mixed with indigo, equal, but the two colors always mixed.

*Gardoni*—A watery sun, with a dark cloud before it.

*Graziani*—An Indian red, tinged with a beautiful golden brown—a magnificent color. Substance, a rich velvet.

*Alboni*—A blue (cobalt). Voice like so many raised lines or division, mechanically and formally correct. Latterly, some of the notes with color less bright.

*Grisi*—(Latter times) varies greatly. Primrose, and sometimes changes to blue. *Mem.* the colors change where the voice is not equal.

*Piccolomini*—Petillant. Many sparkling emanations, as when gunpowder is thrown on fire; some portions of the voice little color, but those that have color very brilliant and pleasing.

*Patti*—Light and dark drab, with occasional touches of coral.

*Bosio*—A very beautiful moss rose color, with a diamond-like transparency.

*Trebelli*—Prussian blue. A strong, ordinary color—equal.

*Borglie-Mamo*—Scarlet and black. Some nights the voice being one color, sometimes another, and occasionally both—made her performances differ, sometimes producing considerable effect, and sometimes very little. The middle voice is a good color; the high and low an unpleasant one. They are probably not natural, but the result of force.

*Pauline Viardot*—At least half a dozen colors. One or two like a silk shot, the shots at moments very pretty, at other times very disagreeable.

*Clara Novello*—Tomato; always the same, but a cold, glaring color.

*Titieni*—Red in some, and pink in other parts of the voice. Latterly the colors faded in some of the notes.

*Louisa Pyne*—Pale sky blue. Very pretty and delicate, but a little faded.

*Miolan Carvalho*—A French lilac. Very pretty.

*Battee*—Yellow and white—two distinct colors. Sometimes the white is beautiful and pure,